

Porto Bello Gold

By
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

CHAPTER XV—Continued

"Murray's a goner, mates! Con-
pen's a shark-bait! There's only the
two Buckskins left. Go easy w' them
Jameses. Naught for ye to fight about,
James! We'll divide square
with ye."

Men swirled toward us from all
sides of the stockade, the James' crew
mingled with the Walrus, and where
our people fought at all 'twas faint-
heartedly and to no purpose. We were
pressed back, and presently were put
to it to avoid being surrounded.

"We go to der house, Bob," squeaked
Peter. "Der James men don't fight
for us no more."

He had Murray's limp body slung
over one shoulder and still retained
the iron barrel of his musket—the
stock had been demolished; but he
ran easily beside me through the sand.

We reached the blockhouse alone
on the side opposite the door, and
creaked it cautiously, no little
concerned for Moira's safety, for pistols
were popping and cutlasses clashing
in several directions close at hand.

With the moon obscured we could not
see a musket's length ahead, and as I
turned in toward the black oblong of
the doorway I tripped over a corpse.

"Tis on your own head your death
will be, my man," said a cool voice. "I
can hear you fine, and if ye're not
after—"

"Moira!" I exclaimed.

"And is it you, Bob? Oh, blessed
saints, but I'm that glad. I thought
you were— Is that Peter?"

"Ja," said Peter.

"And what will ye have on your
shoulder? A dead man? Is it him I
shot a few minutes back?"

"Tis Captain Murray," I answered,
making way for Peter.

"Oh, Queen of Heaven! Sure, we're
in bad case."

"We are," I assented grimly as I
followed Peter inside. "Have you a
light?"

She took a lantern from under a
cloth, and its scanty rays played hide-
and-seek with the shadows over the
rude log walls and the piles of rum bar-
rels and kegs of hard-tack and the
clumsy stack of treasure.

Peter laid my great-uncle gently
upon the earthen floor—there was no
softer bed—and began cutting away
the garments from around the hilt of
the knife, which was still fixed in his
right side.

"And why didn't you go with them?"
I asked. She gave me an indignant
look.

"And be leaving the two of ye! I
am not that kind of friend, Bob."

Peter looked up from his task.

"You got to watch dot door, Bob.
And, Moira, you bring me some rum.
Mybe Murray gets back his sense be-
fore—"

I suddenly found myself unwilling
to believe it could be so.

"He can't Peter!"

"Ja," replied the Dutchman patient-
ly. "Pretty soon he goes. He bleeds
inside."

I stumbled to the doorway with my
head in a whirl. Murray dying?
Twas incredible! That tremendous
personality, so masterful, so abso-
lutely dominating all with whom he came in
contact, so completely compounded of wick-
edness, greatness, wisdom and naïve
"saintly" and explain it how you will,
I suddenly discovered an admiration
for him which had been growing for
months beneath my surface resent-
ment. Up to this moment I had de-
tested him. But I choked now at the
thought of his death. Whatever he
was, he was no coward. And there
was about his end in this world, that
bizarre fashion, stabbed by a blif-
fard can in the dark, a redeeming touch
of high tragedy. He, whose ambitions
had vaulted the stars, to perish by
the hand of Peter! And in a moment
when apparently he had snatched vic-
tory from defeat!

Mechanically I carried chests of
gold and silver ingots from the heap
of treasure and built a barricade
across the doorway. But nothing came
from the blackness; voices called
questioned and argued; an occasional
shot was fired; no more. Flint
tramped back to me, and I saw that
he was disengaged from the pirates' ranks
as to what the next step should
be.

"The four glass we had fetched from
the Royal Jarvis stood by the door, and
I remember that I turned it twice be-
fore Peter tapped my shoulder.

"He waits you," he said.

Murray lay with his head to Moira's
hip, to his face was stamped a weary
pallor. His nostrils were sunken and
plugged in. A crimson froth issued
at the corner of his mouth. But his
tawny eyes blazed with the uncon-
querable fire of his spirit. As I stooped
over him a mocking gleam radiated
from their black depths, and his lips
moved in almost voiceless speech.

"Serry, eh?" I nodded, and the
mockery became more pronounced.

"Would have been you—boy—in—
time," Moira wiped the dreadful bub-
bles from his lips.

"You—won't—carry—out—plot!" he
barked.

"I would be dishonest to promise," I

answered. "And I doubt if we are like
to live much longer than you." The
fingers of one hand fluttered strangely.

"Tut, boy—never—lose hope. Win—
yet—myself."

His colorless lips parted in a ghastly
smile at the shocked disbelief in my
face.

"Tis—will be—end—of Flint. Kill
me—kill himself. His fingers flut-
tered again, and Moira whispered—

"Twill be his snuff-box he's after
wanting, Bob."

And as I fumbled for it in the wreck
of his coat she added—

"But 'twill be his death does he use
it the once."

I hesitated, but the look in his eyes
impelled me to give it to him.

"Good lad!"

And his fingers closed lovingly on
the jeweled trinket, pecking at the lid
he was wont to click open and shut in
moments of perplexity. The tawny
eyes flitted toward Moira.

"Take care—mild—good blood—in—
her. Family, Robert—breeding—hand-
marks in—mind world."

"I'll do what I can," I promised, see-
ing he expected an answer.

"Might do—worse—or more," he re-
plied with the shadow of a smile.

"Pew's knife—kept you—belong—duke
—Moira—"

A pause whilst Moira wiped his
mouth.

"A mad world," he repeated. "What
will—Prince Charles—say?"

His eyes clouded, and he murmured
a snatch of song, one of those ranting
Jacobite ballads that spread like wild-
fire after the '45—

"One sent a challenge free Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me an ye daur—"

A coughing fit interrupted him, weak-
ened him so I thought he was sped;
but the ghostly voice went on with a
hint of the gay, reckless tune:

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin'
yet?
Or are your druids a-beatin' yet?
If ye wauk waur I wad—"

His voice strengthened.

"Ah, your royal highness! The pro-
cession is ordered—the heralds wait-
ing—my lord—common—"

He struggled so to rise that to save
him I propped him against my shoul-
der.

"A glad day—this—and long com-
ing. Do you use snuff—sir? Tis Rip-Rap
—a sound brand."

He opened the box and raised a
pinch to his nostrils.

"Glad day—sir—but a mad world."
And so he died.

CHAPTER XVI

Prisoners

"Aho, the blockhouse!"

"Dot's Flint," whispered Peter. "You
talk to him, Bob, ja."

"What is it?" I shouted back.

"Is Murray with ye?"

"He's dead," I answered after a mo-
ment of reflection.

"And that's — — lucky for him!
Here's Tom Morphey ready to give
him a taste of the cat."

A shrill howl echoed the words.

"Don't 'ee believe mun, Cap'n Flint!
Tis all a lie! And 'ee promised I
should ha' 't beat'n o' mun."

"Tis true," I said wearily. "After
sneering you can send in a man to see
for himself."

"Ah," jeered Flint. "But ye see I
am not waiting for snuff or moonset or
much else, my Buckskin. We know
how many of ye there are; and if ye
don't surrender, here we'll put a torch
to the blockhouse and roast ye out.
Fire ye'll not hurt gold and silver, but
'taint friendly to live meat."

"Twill cost you something first," I
retorted.

"Not so much as ye might think."

"Dot's right," squeaked Peter beside
me. "Ja, you better make a bargain
w' him, Bob."

"A bargain," I repeated. "What on
earth can we bargain with?"

"Der treasure on der Dead Man's
chest."

"But that's —"

"In a manner of speaking, that
treasure is yours. Toss in your
augurs. Are ye willing?"

"My faith, any cause will be the bet-
ter without it," she interrupted. "What
is it done but bring blackened and
suffering upon all who trafficked in it?
If it will but win us our lives, Bob,
will be the one good deed to its credit."

"Toss's mun's short," shouted Flint.
"If ye won't surrender we'll start the
famine."

"Suff yourself," I replied with as
much confidence as I could muster.

"There are three of us here, and 'tis
as know where the treasure lies on the
Dead Man's chest. If you won't even
grantee our lives we'll make the hit-
terest fight we can and carry the secret
with us."

There was a gabble of protest at this
several others joining their voices to
Flint's, among them Silver.

"Naught's been said o' stayin' ye,"
declared Flint. "Give up the treasure,
and we'll part friends."

"Aye, aye, Master Ormerod," called
Silver. "Cap'n Flint puts it straight.
There ain't a man of us would wish to
be your enemy."

I looked hopelessly at Peter.

"What more can we win?" I asked.

"Tis a mockery to place credence in
their promises."

"Ja," nodded Peter. "We don't trust
'em. But we know dot, Bob. We don't
be fooled. And now anyway we get
off alive. Afterward—"

He shrugged his mountainous shoul-
ders.

"Called to Flint:

"Misses O'Donnell must have every
consideration she is accustomed to,
with decent lodging in the cabin and
we two to attend her."

"Gut me!" roared Flint. "D'ys think
we conduct a nunnery aboard the
Walrus?"

"I am thinking she is a young maid
by her lone, which is hard enough, let
be she must dwell with pirates," I an-
swered.

"There's Rule Four of our Articles,"
he sneered. "Ye will ha' heard it be-
fore. It should be assurance for any
maid."

"You have heard my terms," I said.

"Take them or leave them. There's
eight hundred thousand pounds to be
gained from treating us kindly. If
you do not so, as sure as I am here we
will die, the three of us, before we
yield you the secret—and you should
know the years 'twill require to dig
over the Dead Man's Chest."

"We'll take you," he replied lit-
tledly.

"And such a arguing
swab I never listened to or will again.
—my eyes. Are ye fixed in your mind,
Buckskin?"

"Yes."

"Drop your arms and bide where
ye are, then. We're comin' in to look
ye over."

Torches flickered around the circuit
of the stockade, and as they drew
nearer Peter and I tore down the bar-
ricade of treasure I had built across
the doorway. Figures appeared in the
way light, naked to the waist,
scratched by the jungle growth; un-
concerned, grizzled faces lowered at us.

"Keep back," I warned them. "We'll
let no man in until Captain Flint is
here."

"Careful, ain't ye, Buckskin?" he
mocked me from behind a clump of
pirates. "Make way, shipmates. Ye'll
all ha' a chance to see the treasure,
soon or late, and we'll share in it equal
and regular, accordin' to the Articles."

The group split to make way for
him, and he strode up to the door.

Bones was with him, and Silver, and
the man they called Black Dog, who
carried a torch, as did Bones. And
behind them all limped an awful crea-
ture, whose grimy face was a mask of
pain, whose bare back and flanks were
crisscrossed with festering welts. In
one hand he held a cat-o'-nine-tails, the
pendent rope lashes with their jagged
knots stained a dark claret hue.

Bones flourished his torch as they
entered the low door, and the light
shone into every corner of the big hut.

"Is that Murray?"

He pointed to the body that lay be-
neath the backed remnants of the
plum satin coat which served as
shroud.

"Yes," I said, and Moira shrank be-
hind Peter and me as they crowded
forward, staring open-mouthed at the
cold clay that represented the man
they had so feared and hated.

"Gut me," swore Flint. "I never
thought to see Andrew Murray lyin'
stark."

Silver's eyes glinted from his slab
of a face.

"He don't figure much now, do he,
mates?" he said.

"Let's have a look at him," spoke
up Bones abruptly. "Here, Black Dog,
bring up your light, too."

The man with the sore back limped
after them, drawing the tails of his
cat through the fingers of one hand
with a kind of lingering carress.

"Let me at mun," he muttered. "Till
day mun, I will I'll learn mun t'
murder sailormen. Five o' us, and—"

Bones brushed off the plum satin
coat with one toe, and Murray's gaunt
white face smiled up from them, faintly
satirical, the snuff-box still clutched in
one hand.

"— me, 'tis so he looked ever!"
gasped Flint.

"Taint right nor natural," said
Bones. "He looks like he knowed we
was here—and couldn't harm him
none."

"He'll look difrent when I lash
mun," whined the man with the cat,
pushing past Black Dog. "Wait till
I cut slices into t' back o' mun, cap'n,
I'll cut t' grin off t' devil's face o' mun."

"Twas Silver caught the poor fellow's
arm as it was raised to strike.

"No, no, Tom!" he cried. "Murray's
dead."

"Dead?" answered the man dazedly.

"D'ys promised I should ha' t' beat-
in' o' mun?"

"Why? He beat me till I was like
t' die. He beat three of my mates till
they died, an Job Pychens is a-dyin'
in the sand right now."

But Flint himself snatched the cat
from the man's grasp with unaffected
horror.

"Ye can't beat a dead man, Tom,"
insisted the Walrus captain. "Tis
bad luck. And look at the good luck



"You Have Heard My Terms," I said,
we had since we found Darby Mc-
Graw! I can tell ye, mates, I'm a-going
to hang on to my luck."

Bones growled assent, and Silver
added—

"Aye, aye, cap'n; and if ye'll be
guided by me ye'll lose no time in
puttin' Murray underground."

They all exchanged superstitious
glances, and Bones said hoarsely—

"We were close to bein' more'n hu-
man, weren't we?"

"They do say as how ye can chain
down a ha'n't by drivin' a stake through
the body," suggested Black Dog—and
he shook so that his torch scattered
sparks.

"It's bad luck to mullate the dead,"
objected Flint. "No, no, we'll bury
him quick and be done with it."

"But 'ee promised I was t' beat mun,"
sobbed Tom Morphey. "I let 'ee in,
Long John, and 'ee promised!"

"How was I to know he'd be dead?"
retorted Silver. "Don't ye take on so
Tom. We'll give ye a double handout

Ancient Trade Symbols Now Almost Forgotten

The glowing red and green bottles
in the drug store window are a ter-
rifice from the medieval days of
Luzerna Borgia, when the drug store
was a convenient place to pick up
your favorite poison for some un-
tactful dinner guest. The well known
red and white striped barber pole is a
reminiscence of the days when the
barber's principal occupation was
blood-letting and the white stripes
represented bandages. The three balls
over a pawnbroker's shop were the
imperial insignia of the Mongolian
conqueror, Timur the Lame, who in
1290 was called the Scourge of Eu-
rope. Later they were adopted by the
Medici family of Florence who, be-
cause they were doves, princes of the
church, and kings, were the medieval
world's greatest word merchants and
money lenders. A huge wooden foot
for a cobbler and a mammoth key for
a locksmith were once familiar trade
symbols for people who could not
read. The classic wooden Indian
hacked out of a broken mast by some
retired sailor, commemorated the fact
that Indians first taught Sir Walter
Raleigh to smoke. But even better
sellers now find it easier to attract
customers with more sophisticated
window displays. Everybody's Maga-
zine.

Not the Only One

"I see you have furnished rooms,"
said the man who had rung the bell.

"Ja," rejoined the foreign woman,
pointing to the window card, "dere's
da sign."

"Well, if you have one that's suit-
able I'd like to rent it for a while."

"We no rent da rooms. My family
take up all da house."

"Don't rent any? Why, then, have
you the sign, 'Furnished Rooms,' in
your window?"

"I'll tell you, last week dat woman
next door she hang up a sign in her
front window, and when I see dat I
put up wia, just to show da people
dat she ain't da only woman in da
place dat have her rooms furnished."

How to Make a Poem

We should manage our thoughts in
composing a poem as shepherds do
their flocks in making a garland;
first select the choicest, and then dis-
pose them in the proper places, where
they give a luster to each other; like
the feathers in Indian crowns, which
are so managed that every one reflects
a part of its color and gloss on the
next—Pope.

THIS WOMAN'S BATTLE

Wins Against Ill Health

"At times I was hardly able to do my
housework," writes Mrs. Margaret Wal-
lace of 1547 Safford
Ave., Columbus,
Ohio. How many
women have found
themselves in this
same condition!
How many women
have fought bravely
on day after day,
cooking, washing,
ironing, doing the
house clean,
when they were in
a weakened condition and had not suf-
ficient strength to perform these duties
easily and properly!

When Mrs. Wallace was experiencing
great difficulty in carrying on the daily
tasks, a friend advised her to take
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and she gave it a fair trial. "I
just can't give enough thanks to it,"
she writes. "Now I can eat anything
at all and I am feeling better than I
have for years. I shall never be with-
out your medicine again."

A woman who is fighting for her
health and her family's happiness is a
valiant soldier. She wages her battle
in her own kitchen. She has no drill-
ing bugles to cheer her on, no waving
banners.

Many other women tell us, as Mrs.
Wallace did, that Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound was their faithful
ally in the struggle for better health.

Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your
stomach such as gas, heaviness and
distention, why fool with things which
at best can only give relief.

Why not get a medicine that will
build up your upset, disordered stom-
ach and make it so strong and vigor-
ous that it will do its work without
any help.

Such a medicine is Dore's Mentha
Pepsin, a delightful elixir that is sold
by your local dealer and druggists
everywhere with the distinct under-
standing that if it doesn't greatly help
you your money will be gladly returned.

It has helped thousands—it will no
doubt help you.

**Handiest
thing in the
house**

FOR BABY'S SKIN

"Vaseline" Jelly relieves chaf-
ing, diaper rash, cradle cap,
scurf, and other inflammations.
Wonderfully soothing and
healing. Indispensable in the
nursery.

Chesebrough Mfg. Company
State St., New York

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

The late Bishop Williams was in a bad
case. One night, when after looking
around, one of the ladies exclaimed: "My
dear Bishop, did you ever see anything like
this?" "Never," gravely replied the Bishop.
"Never since I was married."

Any unusual exposure may cause a cold,
bronchitis or sore throat, and may develop
into serious ailment unless given prompt at-
tention. When nature gives warning by a
cough or croup it is time to take

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

The old reliable remedy. See and be
at all druggists. If you cannot get it, write
to G. O. GREEN, INC., Woodbury, N. J.
Don't wait until cold gets its grip on
you, knock it out in the first round.

Cuticura Talcum

Unadulterated

Exquisitely Scented

The polished orator ought to be
sure of his finish.

Keep Eliminative System Active

Good Health Requires Good Elimination.

ONE can't feel well when there
is a retention of poisonous
waste in the blood. This is called
a toxic condition, and is apt to
make one tired, dull and languid.
Other symptoms are sometimes
toxic headaches and headaches.
That the kidneys are not func-
tioning properly is often shown
by scanty or burning passage of
secretions. Many people have
learned the value of Doan's
Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when
the kidneys seem functionally
inactive. Everywhere one finds
enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask
your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c

Stimulant Diuretic for the Kidneys
Foster-McMurray Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N.Y.

